

L E T T E R
O F
E X P O S T U L A T I O N

FROM THE

Manager of the Theatre in TOTTENHAM-COURT,

TO THE

Manager of the Theatre in the HAY-MARKET.

RELATIVE TO

A New COMEDY, called the MINOR.

“ Whether we exhibit at Tottenham-Court or the Hay-Market, our Purpose
“ is the same, and the Place is immaterial.

FOOTE. See the Minor, 2d edition, page 8.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. STEVENS, in Pater-noster Row ;
And sold at all Booksellers and Pamphlet-Shops.

[Price One Shilling.]

LETTER
OF
EXPOSTULATION

FROM THE

Manager of the Theatre in TOTTENHAM-COURT,

TO THE

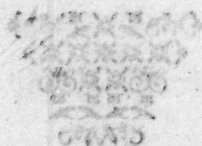
Manager of the Theatre in the HAY-MARKET.

RELATIVE TO

A New COMEDY called the MINOR.



“Whether we exhibit at Tottenham-Court or the Hay-Market, our Purpose
“is the same, and the Place is immaterial.”
FOOTNOTE. See the Minor, 2d edition, page 8.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. STEVENS, in Paternoster Row;
And sold at all Bookellers and Pamphlet Shops.

[Price One Shilling.]

A

FAMILIAR EPISTLE, &c.

L E T rascals run restiff, when cram'd with success,
 Let dunghill-bred mongrels bark loud at distress,
 At merit, fierce growling, that foe to their race,

See mischief, see bloodshed, boil up in their face,

There envy, there rancour, there dulness, there spleen,

In the colours of Chaos, and Tyburn are seen ;

Let puppies plume high in the feathers they've caught,

The badge of their merit, not all worth a groat ;

For you, my friend Sammy, I'll fling off the *mask*,

Sure this, a good actor will think no hard task.

My part is the tragick, I thunder on high,

With fate in my voice, and with fiends in my eye :

My flames, and my brimstone around me I throw,

Your part is to laugh, to make converts below ;

B

Most

Most people are certainly caught by the ears,
 The goads they must feel are their hopes and their fears ;
 Our point is the same, tho' the thing may seem odd,
 You fling 'em the cake, and I brandish the rod.
 Good Lord, how I laugh, to see the fools tremble,
 When fearful I squint, and when dreadful dissemble ;
 There's none of your tribe can such bugbears display,
 With half so much horror as I, in my way ;
 Not Roscius in Richard, with terrors all true,
 Not Hideous with hell in his face, and the Jew,
 Can paint the poor devil so black and so blue.
 I have 'em in thousands, Sam Foote, at my heel,
 The cobbler, the countess, the bishop must feel.
 I roar out in earnest, my passion prevails,
 Whilst others, half sleeping, appear to tell tales ;
 Who doze o'er the text, who pick up their notes,
 Their words are half strangled within their flow throats ;
 Like a figure inform'd, they passive relate,
 The terrible things of another dark state.
 The people long wearied, to me have confest,
 They thought that the parson himself was in jest :
 I took the wise hint, sir, I broke through their pale,
 I scatter'd abroad my fierce rage, and my zeal ;
 I charm'd them in clusters to booths and to trees,
 As people ring brass pans to gather their bees ;

I've made me much honey in field and in hive,
But now the wagg Foote with poor Squintum will strive.
Your talents I dreaded for mischief were fit,
Your sense, and your satire, your humour, your wit,
Your subject's so wholesome, your diction so nice,
So clear of detraction, so pointed at vice :
Such pictures you draw of the great and the small,
Your acting invincible reigns o'er all ;
The thousands that nightly your chapel so cram,
Disturb me with doubts, and with visions, dear Sam ;
Your artful contrivance so just and so drole,
Must drag from my flock much more than Old Cole.
I see, that good matter, when dress'd out by you,
Will more than my ranting, my swagger subdue ;
Your glass can all faces, all foibles reflect,
My magick, false mirror, my phantoms detect,
My system reveal, and bewray my whole plan,
And shew that faint Squintum's indeed a strange man.
To you, my keen rival, the scene I'll draw wide,
'Tis vain from such knowledge my juggles to hide,
You see through my gauzes, you turn my tricks o'er,
You know me a sharper, you knew me before ;
Ten thousand such sharpeners in Britain appear,
The growth of each climate, the growth of each year ;
Ten thousand such mysticks true morals invade,
For cheating is all the world over a trade :

We both are proscrib'd by the powers that be,
 Their anger is pointed at you, fir, and me;
 The lords of the drama have stinted your walk,
 The bishops offended most dreadfully talk.
 Like pirates they'd pelt us, our tackle they'd claw,
 But thanks to your talents, and thanks to the law,
 Your merit prevails with the monarchs of Drury,
 And I have, as yet, defy'd the Grand Jury.
 Forbear, my friend Foote, your method of winning,
 I see my throng'd thousands are daily a thinning;
 My faints at the Hay-market make their abode,
 Your finners come fleering to Tottenham-court road.
 My thunder you silence, by flinging your squibs:
 One night, in disguise, at the risk of my ribs,
 I squeez'd in to hear you---I blush'd at my fibs.
 For quarter I cry out, for parley I pray;
 I'll meet you, dear Sammy, much more than half way.
 That Shaftsbury's principle, pox on his rule,
 Has arm'd you so strongly with just ridicule,
 My phantoms of fire like figures of ice,
 Must melt at his presence, must fade in a trice.
 Such magick has humour, when pointed a-right,
 The flash has already half blinded my sight,
 I shall squint at both eyes if much longer you write:
 Your field is most fruitful, a rich harvest reap,
 Of rascals, long ripe---Let poor Squintum escape.

There's game in each furrow, your arrows let fly,
 At those that low creep, and at those that soar high;
 Bend stoutly your bow, each vermin deep sting,
 The snake in the grass, and the rook on the wing,
 You can't turn a corner but quarry you'll meet,
 There's a *Shift*, there's a *Loader* in every street :
 One spot I could name you, not far from the court,
 Oh! there you may spring up, and knock down such sport;
 Fine pheasants, rich gilded, of every hue,
 The red and the yellow, the green and the blue;
 Ah, Foote! there's a field of sweet pastime for you.
 I fain would divert you from spoiling my shop,
 The town will afford you a plentiful crop :
 Go, gather it up, fir, as fast as you can,
 New gorge your sharp sickle, wide stretch out your span;
 Then thresh it, and send it to market with glee,
 When that is got rid of, return back to me;
 But not as a foe, Sam, with satire severe,
 Your wit I applaud, but your satire I fear.
 No more with such weapons I care to contend,
 Come back then, bright Foote, as my partner, my friend :
 My secrets I'll shew you, my mysteries unlock,
 Come fix your foundations on my solid rock;
 My structure aloft, shall soar to the spheres,
 Firm built on the people's affections and fears;

Behold it each moment ascending and swell,
 The top shoots to heaven, the basis to hell;
 To those distant regions I sink, I aspire,
 For hymns and for rapture, for brimstone and fire.
 From transports on high, and from terrors below
 I fetch my two topicks of weal and of woe;
 Which round me I scatter, I rage, and I rave,
 I curse, and I bless too, I damn, and I save;
 The passions alone, I find fit for my trade,
 The passions are nat'ral, but morals were made,
 By heathens were coin'd, and by tyrants of old,
 When *meum* and *tuum*, when silver and gold,
 When property, laws, and the hangman began
 To practise their terrors on passive weak man.
 No more of such trumpery: see! heaven display
 The portals of glory, the mansions of day;
 The regions of bliss, the bright angels in bands,
 With crowns on their heads, and with harps in their hands.
 See all that in trances the faints have enjoy'd,
 When sense was absorb'd, when raptures were cloy'd;
 See all that the scriptures have told us of heaven,
 To believing with fervour, to faith shall be given.
 Faith, is the chariot in which we aspire,
 The wheels are four seraphs, the horses all fire,
 Elijah's hot landau which upwards would go,
 Whilst stupid poor mortals stood staring below.

Faith, like a whirlwind, shall waft us on wings,
 Good works are but poultry mechanical things,
 Like traders in Smithfield, who sell and who buy,
 A kind of a bargain we drive with the sky :
 Like the junction at Cole's, commenc'd in a kiss,
 With, damn me, here's value, do that, and take this ;
 A pitiful compact that cold water flings,
 On the rush of desire that rapidly springs.
 The senses were planted for raptures, no doubt,
 And the passions, like pullies, to work us about ;
 Temptations at distance, and throbbings within,
 Must stir us, must goad us to what they call sin.
 Wise nature thus spurs us for ends of her own,
 Sweet hymns and fine speeches, such trifles atone ;
 I think the point fairly established has been,
 From nature and logick, that man's a machine ;
 The maker best knows the springs that he gave it,
 There's none but himself can damn or can save it ;
 Deep doctors, in vain, their vast parts have display'd,
 This much is the truth, sir, the rest is a trade ;
 You know the exchanges of pleasure for pelf,
 Your friends as oft share 'em, I believe, as yourself.
 You gain it by laughing, I gain it by weeping,
 But I have the knack of gaining and keeping ;
 Their purses I tax, but not their discerning,
 They fear---that's better than all your fine learning,

No critick on Squintum can turn the sharp eye,
 Their business with me is to gape and to cry.
 Your talent of humour shall have its full swing,
 Here pleasure and profit are both on the wing :
 Love-feasts, and ladies intriguing, and cash,
 Keep on but the vizor, have at 'em slap dash ;
 Dominion will then and respect be your due,
 What mortal on earth, sir, so fit for't as you :
 Besides, such a convert ascending my rostrum
 Like the long-wish'd for cure, the cath'lick nostrum,
 Will draw the whole world your foot-steps to follow,
 When Squintum has gain'd o'er the son of Apollo.
 Our terrible themes with wit you'll inlard,
 And turn up in canting a pleasant new card ;
 The shapes of all finners with ease you'll put on,
 And fling off the wardrobe, when acting is done.
 All Europe shall ring on't, the bishops shall stare,
 And quakers and cut-throats, and atheists crowd there,
 The ladies their hands, and their eyes shall upraise,
 To see you rowl by in a coach and fix greys.
 You need not to tread the reverend dull track,
 The new-birth is no way a-kin to old black.
 The soul is the feat of regeneration,
 You shall go on in the mode of the nation,
 With garments bediz'ned, with hat and with feather,
 And all the gay toys that bring great ones together ;

The girls will so gaze on, the fops will be fond,
 And you shall bring ducks in to people our pond :
 The fine folks of figure shall rush in with joy,
 And the mart of true taste shall be Squintum's decoy,
 No bait shall be wanting the trade to advance,
 We'll now and then tip 'em a drum and a dance ;
 With love-feasts stark naked, and void of all wrath,
 Where I shall rule *measures* like Nash at the Bath.
 The fervour prolifick shall brace up each spark,
 Few forms will be wanting, you know, in the dark :
 Their lessons thus ready, they learn from above,
 Their business is then to stick close and to love,
 Which spiritual traffick, no doubt, will succeed.
 Such flocks will increase of the sanctify'd breed,
 That in ten years to come, the church may look blue,
 No bell shall then toll in one prude to her pew :
 Nay, the pope and the Turk shall be lifted at last,
 Before the state-trumpet shall sound the long blast.
 All sects and all nations, the young and the old,
 Shall be gather'd and judg'd in Squintum's wide fold.
 But then to look backwards, the theatres, Sam,
 How Rich and how Garrick will swear and will damn ;
 The actors curse Squintum, the wits will run mad,
 And people of fashion awhile will look fad.
 But what of all that, when ten thousand you take,
 When you laugh and grow rich for righteousness sake :

But, damn it, I'm doubtful you'll hardly comply,
 You'll think it so base to subscribe to a lie?
 Meer honour, like conscience, is sometimes afraid,
 The bugbear call'd honesty, spoils a good trade;
 If that be the hindrance, you'll loose a rich crop,
 And I shall look silly, and shut up my shop.

With love-letters stark naked, and void of all wrath,
 Where I shall rule swags like Nash at the Bath.
 The fervour profick shall brace up each spark,
 Few forms will be wanting, you know, in the dark:
 Their lessons thus ready, they learn from above,
 Their business is then to stick close and to love,
 Which spiritual traffick, no doubt, will succeed.
 Such flocks will increase of the lamely'd breed,
 That in ten years to come, the church may look blue,
 No bell shall then toll in one pride to her pew:
 Nay, the pope and the Turk shall be lifted at last,
 Before the state-trumpet shall sound the long blast.
 All sects and all nations, the young and the old,
 Shall be gather'd and judg'd in Spintum's wide fold.
 But then to look backwards, the theatres, Sam,
 How Rich and how Garrick will swear and will damn;
 The actors curse Spintum, the wits will run mad,
 And people of fashion awhile will look sad.
 But what of all that, when ten thousand you take,
 When you laugh and grow rich for righteousness sake:

